

*The Historie*

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie  
And all the courses of my life do shew  
I am not in the roule of common men:  
Where is he liuing clipt in with the sea,  
That chides the bancks of England, So  
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me  
And bring him out that is but womans  
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art  
And hold me pace in deepe experimēt

*Hot.* I thinke theres no man speaks  
Ile to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen Percy, you wil n

*Glen.* I can cal spirits from the vasty

*Hot.* Why so can I, or so can any m  
But wil they come when you do cal for

*Glen.* Why I can teach you coosen to

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coose to sh  
By telling truth. Tel truth and shame  
If thou haue power to raise him bring  
And ile be sworne I haue power to sh  
Oh while you liue tel truth and shame

*Mor.* Come, come, no more of this v

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry Bull  
Against my power, thrice from the ban  
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sen  
Booteles home, and weather beaten ba

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in fo  
How scapes he agues in the deuils nam

*Glen.* Come here is the map, shal we  
According to our three fold order rane.

*Mor.* The Archdeacon hath diuided  
Into three limits very equally:  
England from Trent, and Seuerne hith  
By South and East is to my part assign  
Al westward, Wales beyond the Seuer  
And al the fertile land within that bound  
To Owen Glendower: and deare coo  
The remnant Northward lying off fro

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